

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 387. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1876.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD,

AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XX. TOM DAWSON.

THAT morning there was shooting for the gentlemen and driving out for the ladies; the host, in his quality of pasha, doing neither, but going about all day in his white hat. One or two of the gentlemen did not go out and shoot, among whom were young Pringle and his father—a pair that were on rather unpaternal and most unfilial terms, the former feeling ashamed of his progenitor's antics, the latter looking on his son as "a puppy" and "stuck-up fellow." He had taken a special dislike to him since he had noted the preference for Phoebe, and the young lady had tried all her little arts, and exerted herself to propitiate one who she fondly dreamed might be, some day, united to her in a near and dear relation. Phoebe, it will have been seen, was of the most sanguine temperament, and assumed that to propose was to dispose; in the process annihilating time, space, and possibility.

The morning seemed to fly by in a sort of dream. To Phoebe it seemed a few minutes, one of the most entrancing periods she had ever enjoyed. This to other people might seem surprising enough; for, as was before hinted, Mr. Pringle junior was an ordinary young gentleman enough, such as men would pronounce a feeble sort of fellow. But he had a power of words, and an artful vein of compliment; finally, he was bent on pleasing, and delighted in flirtation. Phoebe was a little flower just opening its leaves to the sun, and thought the genial

warmth of this kind of homage perfectly exquisite; and here she was now ready to give up her whole little heart, overflowing with love and gratitude for the preference, to her admirer. She was so entranced, indeed, that she had forgotten what now seemed a prosy element in the domestic life—viz., the expected arrival of "Tom," her brother; the same with whom she had threatened Dean Drinkwater, and who was due about lunch-hour. A brother now seemed an insipid idea.

At lunch time, when Phoebe, with flushed cheeks, attended by the squire, entered the great dining-room rather behind time—secretly pleased to be able to exhibit her conquest—there was a blunt, well-set, wiry-haired, fair-looking young man, with a terrier-like moustache, already eating his lunch in a sober, steady fashion. His cheeks had each a little pink flush, and his eyes had a slight glare or wateriness; but there was a bluff and solid composure about him that impressed. This was Tom Dawson, who had been in the army, and had "left;" who "had no money," and yet lived "anyhow and anyhow," as he himself frankly said—and did a vast number of other expensive things, which only people who have money do. Such was this eminently good fellow, Tom Dawson, who rode like an Arab, and who had given up a race-meeting somewhere to come and see his Phoebe, on whom he literally doted. Phoebe, in return, loved Tom with her whole heart, and nothing could be done without Tom's aid, or, at least, advice.

Tom's life, as we have said, was almost a mystery. He had not a farthing, having run through a small patrimony of about fifteen hundred pounds years before. Yet

he lived like a gentleman—comfortably and luxuriously; kept his horses; went on long visits; shot, hunted, and was always in demand, as a good fellow. The truth was, he earned his living very hardly and laboriously—he was a dead shot at a pigeon; and at Hurlingham and Monaco generally contrived to land a good stake. In all the great races he generally contrived to be “put on” with “the party” at some great house, and, in this way, made money. Should these things fail him, he had plenty of friends, and might end as secretary to a gun club. In short, he had his wits to live upon, and very good wits they were.

Phoebe flew to Tom, and the latter took her in his arms and kissed her heartily before the whole room, as unconcernedly as though he were booking a bet. Phoebe was in great excitement from her morning's performance, and said eagerly:

“Tom, you must know Mr. Pringle, a friend of ours, that we met——”

“All right,” said Tom, giving the person alluded to a nod; but it was plain that he did not think much of him, deeming him rather “a finical kind of fellow.”

Lord Garterley liked Tom, as being so sagacious in county matters; and often thought what a much better adjutant for the house he would be than the Charles Webbers, who, to say the truth, were now growing rather stale after their ten years' service. But he dared not discharge those worthy assistants; and he had, besides, some feeling of gratitude towards them, for all their hard and useful toil. They felt their power, and were not to be readily dislodged.

Tom Dawson, still making his lunch the first consideration, was giving out, for the entertainment of the company, an account of some hunt or race, in which he had some hair-breadth 'scape, and which he recounted with a modest indifference that gained him many admirers. Such characters as Tom's are really more successful than far more pretentious people, possibly on account of the high claims of sporting matters, which seem to level all distinctions, and to be a subject that is a “passe partout.”

Sam Pringle was in a very vicious humour all this morning, having displayed antics at breakfast that drew on him the bitter reproaches of his family. In fact, Mrs. Pringle had announced as an ultimatum that she would leave at once on the next display of anything like what had occurred.

Sam Pringle declared that she “and the ponies” were welcome to set off whenever they pleased, but that he intended remaining, and would find it just as agreeable.

“And when I say ‘just,’ you'll understand me to mean a good deal more so.”

At dinner the malicious Sam Pringle found an opportunity to revenge himself, and at the first opening perpetrated the following wanton outrage:

“You'd never suppose, Mrs. Trotter, that I was married for my beauty? Then I can tell you that I was. Ask Mrs. P. there. She succumbed to my charms.”

“Now, Mr. Pringle, do please——”

began his lady, with an angry frown.

“And more than that. When the bid-dings for me were mounting, and coming in from right and left, sooner than let me go, she made the best offer, and of course—I was knocked down to her.”

“Mr. Pringle!”

“I don't believe a word of it,” said Mrs. Trotter, bluntly. “That's your vanity, Mr. Pringle.”

“Ask her. Look at her, and the colour in her cheeks. I was a lady-killer then. I don't see anything to blush for in proposing for a good-looking young fellow. Aren't the two ‘ponies’ there the happy result?”

“Come, dears,” said Mrs. Pringle, half rising, “it is time for us to go to our rooms.”

“You are too bad, Pringle,” said old Phipps. “You've routed and dispersed your wife and family.”

“I shouldn't mind dispersing my daughters,” said he, with a grin, “but I'd want some nice young fellow to help me.”

“Really, to say such things!” said Mrs. Trotter. “You're uncivilised. I know, if it was my case, I'd never open my lips to you again.”

“Oh!” said old Sam, getting up and capering round the back of Mrs. Trotter's chair; “then, in that case, I'd pine and languish away. Fancy me pining and languishing at your feet!”

“Besides, it's not true; you know it's not. And if it were, you ought to be ashamed to say so.” Mrs. Trotter was a rattling, dashing woman, and said what she thought. “Go back to your seat. You really are a great old goose.”

This rebuke had some effect, and old Sam saw that the feeling of the company was against him, and he began to retract.

“Well, when I say that about proposing, you know how friends interfere, to forward

a thing of that kind. Of course the thing was settled much in the usual humdrum, old-fashioned way."

"Of course it was; we knew that. So you'd better say no more about it."

Sam Pringle was more quiet after this "snub." It did him good, everyone said; and he was certainly a little abashed at the reception of his "joke."

Among the new guests on that day appointed to refresh the host were Mr. and Lady Cecilia Shortman—a charmingly sounding combination for Pratt-Hawkins, who, within five minutes of arrival, had got himself introduced, and, by the mention of "the dear duchess," had cemented ties of acquaintanceship with Lady Cecilia. Quite a change came over Pratt-Hawkins in consequence. He had now got the air suitable for his breathing. Lady Cecilia was a person of what might be called rapturous tastes; loving all the arts—poetry, drama, &c.—with a devotion that was exactly in proportion to her deficiency in the actual accomplishments. She worshipped actors, adored singers; and herself, in a private way, "read" and recited at extraordinary lengths. She had been specially invited for that night, as there was to be in the great hall a "penny reading," given for the benefit of the villagers and genteeler rustics—i.e., doctor, solicitor, parsons' wives and daughters, superior farmers, &c., who were collected, as it were, by sound of drum, and ordered to come in, fill the benches, and be amused. The entertainment had been planned by the indefatigable Charles Webbers, with a view to the entertainment of his lordship, and to "keeping everything going." Lord Garterley, as we have said, was an elegant poet of the old school, with a genuine taste for literature. He was much pleased with the notion, and was himself going to take a large share in the entertainment.

CHAPTER XXI. THE PENNY READING.

IN due course the whole distinguished party, after some waiting and much expectation, proceeded to the grand hall, where the rural company were already assembled in a fever of anticipated enjoyment. The entrance of Lord Garterley, when he appeared leading the Diva, was the signal for a round of applause. Pratt-Hawkins again contrived to find the only air that he could breathe, and not only led, but sat beside "Lady Cecilia;" while Phoebe was greatly excited, her eyes and pretty

head in perpetual motion, scattering light and enjoyment. She, however, modestly sought the remoter seats, where the opportunities for seeing and hearing the performance were not so good, but where her swain presently came up softly and established himself, not to be removed or cease whispering during the whole evening. What that entranced pair really heard of the "reading," or saw, in the way of histrionics, from the beginning to the end of the night, it would be hard to say. Such entertainments they sought not, nor did they bewail their deprivation. But here now comes a universal "Hush!" as director Charles Webber comes forward with a pleasant and suitable little speech to set things going.

It began with "Jockie and Jeannie" from those hopeless failures, the doctor and wife, who had been sinking and sinking deeper with every hour. Charles Webber had been obliged to send them away by a regular dismissal; "he feared he would want the rooms." However, this last chance was afforded to them; as they were there, they could fill up a vacant space. Grown desperate and even reckless, and inspired at the prospect of release from the terrible Nessus shirt they had been wearing in agony for several days, encouraged too by the familiar air of the audience, like their own rural one, our doctor and his lady "came out" with a spirit of dramatic effect that astounded everyone, and extorted a burst of applause and irrepressible encore. The good-natured lord leaped forward, as his manner was, wrung both their hands, and declared that "they must not think of going away to-morrow." But the pair had their own pride, and with some stiffness and dignity declared that they must return home.

Next appeared upon the platform, after due whisperings with the Charles Webbers, the grey face of old Phipps, with a roguish twinkle of good-humoured greeting in the corner of his eye. Old Phipps had made *vers de société* to his mistress's eyebrows, as well as to the eyebrows of those of other persons: and had often written political squibs "in the days of Fonblanque" and Hookham Frere. Some bitter lines on All the Talents, called New Brewings, had gone all over England, and been in everyone's mouth. Alas! the New Brewings had gone to decay and forgetfulness; and here was "old Phipps" left behind like "the mouldy biscuit," overlooked at the bottom of the cask.

However, on this occasion he was spruce in his velvet collar and blue coat; and, coming forward, told his hearers, with a pleasant confidence, that he was going to recite for them a little trifle of his own, made on a person they all knew to be their bitterest enemy, whom they hated with a cordial detestation, and who was the worst of men. He need not describe that person. He referred to their host, Lord Garterley, at which little jest a roar of laughter uprose to the ceiling.

"It was," said old Phipps, "an unpretending parody on our dear old friend, Cock Robin:

"Who killed dull care?"

'I,' said Lord Garterley,
So kindly and heartily;
'I killed dull care.'

"Who gives good dinners?"

'I,' says Lord Garterley,
'Weekly and quarterly,
To saints and sinners.'

"Who sees his neighbours?"

'I,' says Lord Garterley,
'Not grudging nor tartarly,
With pipes and with tabors.'

And so on through many verses, which everyone set down as true London wit. Old Phipps, who had no vanity, and only wanted to amuse, retired, having made friends of the whole audience, particularly at the last verse, where he had to refer to his manuscript, and after puzzling over it a moment, declared aloud: "I vow to goodness I can't read my own writing!"

Now is our host bending and bowing before the portly and majestic Diva, who shakes her head amiably, but seems to give a reluctant consent. Then Lord Garterley turns to the audience, and in a loud tone proclaims: "We are favoured to-night by the presence of one of the most consummate artists, who now kindly consents to contribute to the pleasure of the evening, by one of those magnificent performances which have brought kings and emperors to her feet."

The Diva gave him a tap of her fan, and went to the piano, while the crowd applauded rapturously, having never even heard the name of this personage, but being under a general idea that she must be "somebody." She accordingly gave out "Casta Diva," in that horny, rather whooping-cough manner, which retired Divas, who have only their style left, affect. She travelled up and down what are called "runs" with a desperate energy, and wound up with a sort of "cry for help," that in a crowded city would at

least have brought the police, and, possibly, the fire-engines, to her aid. All the time Lord Garterley leant enraptured on the grand piano, and stared, open-mouthed, as though he wished to gulp down the notes themselves. At the close, his "Brava, bravissimas!" and clappings were obstreperous, and the faithful Charles Webbers took care to make the audience understand they must support the applause heartily.

Next came that "comique," young Shakerley, who, strange to say, recognised jester as he was, fell flat. He strained too affectedly at applause; but he afterwards declared that "a more pig-headed audience" it was impossible to find. Then, to the horror and agony of his family, old Sam must step out to buffoon, and what did the man select, but a "Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Caudle!" When he capered to the centre, and stood smiling at them, there was a roar of delighted anticipation.

"We all know Mrs. Caudle," he began; "every married man of us at least. Now, I think I see some of the young girls in the corner there looking away; but to that complexion, my dears, we must all come sooner or later—at least all of us as have good looks. That's the reason I came to it. Well, now for Mrs. Caudle."

And here, amid hardly suppressed laughter from his friends, he read out a portion of one of the most amusing dialogues. Then he stopped.

"Well, that's very funny so far. The best is I can endorse every word of it. True to nature, my lord, and ladies, and gentlemen. Why, I myself have lain there, hearing the hours strike, while on it went nag-nag, nagging." Here the host rose, finding it was time to check this too familiar mimic, and said, "Thank you, Pringle, that will do now. Lady Cecilia Shortman will do us the favour of reciting the Ancient Mariner." And accordingly the Lady Cecilia, "squired" by the assiduous Pratt-Hawkins, who had already secured an invitation to Shortlands, stood forward, and with rolling eyes and the true husky "ossuary" voice, modelled on that of Rachel's, imparted a "creeping" feeling to all listeners. The piece being of great length, and being delivered with a uniform charnel-house manner from beginning to end, much wearied the audience. The lady was then led back to her seat by the host, and finally, to the delight of all, Lord Garterley himself came forward in a dramatic scene, from *The Good-natured Man*, in which he himself per-

formed Croaker, and Mr. Charles Webber Honeywood. It was done with great naturalness and spirit, and was certainly the most satisfactory and enjoyable event of the evening.

It would have been awkward to have asked the opinion of two of the company in reference to this point. They may have heard, but they certainly heeded not. These were Phoebe and her admirer. It had all come to a point in these few hours. Each was enchanting to the other, and the minutes seemed of gold and silver. The confidence was delicious and increasing every moment. Speeches of the most interesting sort were interchanged. Phoebe seemed to be in Paradise.

It was during these ecstatic proceedings they were rather startled to find the heavy Mr. Sturges beside them, with his smiling, beaming face. Unfortunately, a gentleman who had been sitting next to Phoebe had left his place, and Mr. Sturges installed himself in the vacancy. He did not seem the least jealous, as Phoebe expected he would, but was good-humoured and pleasant. Neither was he a man that could be "snubbed off," or made a butt of, being too grave and weighty for such liberties. Phoebe tossed her head, and was short in her answers, and Mr. Pringle looked sour and important; but nothing could ruffle the intruder.

"I was so glad to see this seat vacant; not because I have been standing most of the night, but because it was beside you."

"Oh, a compliment!" said Phoebe, spitefully. "Listen, Mr. Pringle; he is paying compliments."

"Let him listen," said the other. "Or let us both try and see who can do the best in that line."

"Oh, what nonsense," said Phoebe.

"No, no," said he, significantly; "not a bit. I know what is going on."

Phoebe coloured. Mr. Pringle, who overheard him, was confused.

"I don't understand you," said she.

"Come and have some refreshment," he said, rising. "I shall tell you. I am sure you must be tired."

"Thank you, no," said Phoebe, curtly. "I'd really rather not."

"Do come," said he, in a still more pressing way. "I really wish to speak to you."

Was it to be a proposal? Were it another occasion, Phoebe would have simpered, and tittered, and looked in this and that direction, and finally have taken his

arm and gone off to revel on that most daintiest of dishes to set before a young girl—a proposal of marriage, whether acceptable or not. But now she was full of exultation, and wished to make him feel, not that he was distasteful to her, but that another was preferred to him. So she said, rather pertly:

"Mr. Sturges, I don't want to go with you. Can't you see that I'm engaged?"

He coloured, made a bow, and went his way. Phoebe turned to her neighbour with a look of triumph, as who should say, "I did that for you."

Having thus got rid of the intruder, Phoebe, for whom that garden adventure had all the fascination of a romance, now began to recall it by putting artful questions in self-depreciation as to "What he must have thought of her," and kept still returning to that same fascinating subject of "poor Adelaide's" mistake; though Phoebe was a little surprised to find in what a tone her admirer repeated the words, "poor Adelaide!" with an interest and curiosity that surprised her.

"What has become of her?" he said. "There was something strangely interesting about her. A most curious fascination."

"Oh, you thought so?" said Phoebe, tossing her head. "Of course you must, or you would not have made appointments with her in that way at the gate."

Mr. Pringle coloured. He was such an ingrained philanderer that this view had never occurred to him—viz., that he had been as devoted to Phoebe's predecessor as he was now to herself.

"Oh," he said, with hesitation, "that was only a little adventure. You know she is quite a different sort of person; whereas you——" and he paused.

Phoebe coloured in her turn. Perhaps the crisis was approaching.

"Well," she said, softly, "what am I? You are going to tell me something disagreeable, I know."

The most practised coquette could not have given a more suitable invitation. Yet Phoebe spoke only from nature. There was a real coquette present, but of another sex; though he was for the time as genuine as genial. The luxury of captivating was to him the highest pleasure. It was breaking on him that he had won this little tender heart; but he must play with it a little first. "Why should you be interested," he asked, "or like to know what I think of you?"

Phoebe repeated these words with a flutter of affected surprise. "Oh, I can't say; that is, I don't know——"

"Would you be sorry that I liked any one else?"

"Ye—s, but you do. You know you do. I was your confidante, recollect."

"I don't now," he said, eagerly; "upon my word and honour."

"And I can believe you, really?"

"Really and truly."

"Oh," said Phoebe, obeying an impulse that she could not resist—then, turning away her head, in a low voice, said, "I am so glad to hear it."

All the rest, as might be expected, followed, and by the time the Lady Cecilia had concluded her Ancient Mariner, Phoebe Dawson and Francis Pringle were affianced lovers—he, perhaps, for the third or fourth time in his short life. Alas! with Phoebe it was very different; she had never "thrown" before, and she had now staked her whole little property of affections on the cast. If she lost, she could never throw again; for she had lost all. So far, then, there was the issue of her whole life involved; and here was it to be decided in this trifling, off-hand way—at a penny reading!

ITALIAN ALMANACS.

THE war of independence in Italy brought with it a great shower of almanacs. A free people required a free press, and a free press required almanacs. Not the almanacs of the days of tyranny and foreign interventions—medæval productions, in which saints' names and church festivals absorbed the calendar—but progressive and patriotic almanacs: books for students as well as books for idlers; books costing a franc and books costing a soldo; some of them devoting themselves to history, and others to science; and others, again, to literature and the fine arts, commerce, agriculture and political economy. The enterprising publishers of Italy have broken loose from the old trammels of the book trade, and are imitating their brothers of England and America—if, indeed, they are not beating them—in the race for cheapness and popularity, combined with excellence. And lo and behold, a land of almanacs! A country in which for a halfpenny you can take peeps into the most abstract studies, and keep pace with the sun and moon, and the world in which you live; and make the mind merry with riddles and

jokes, while preparing to dive into metaphysics and astrology. Do you wish to know when Romulus was born, if born, and when he slew Remus, if slain; and what became of the she-wolf, their foster-mother? Buy an almanac. Do you wish to know when to rear silkworms and plant mulberries; when to bottle your wine, and drink it; and when, not drinking it, to use it as vinegar—or wine for the poor? Buy an almanac. Do you wish to know, or not to know, when to be philanthropical; how to be witty; how to please a lady, without displeasing a gentleman; and how, in case of duels, to give and obtain satisfaction without bloodshed? Buy an almanac; buy several almanacs. Do you wish to know, if a capitalist, how to invest your money; and how, not being a capitalist, to gain money without working for it? Buy an almanac, and consult it as you would an oracle. Do you wish to know the new word for "Open Sesame"—the words which brought good luck to Ali Baba in the story of the Forty Thieves? 'Tis a little word of seven letters—almanac. The almanac will cast your nativity and give you the numbers in the state-lottery, by which, if you play long enough, you will make your fortune; and by which, not playing long enough, you will lose your money. The proper time to play is fifty years. After fifty years you may, in one lucky hit, make amends for the losses of a lifetime, and get back some of the money you have staked in weekly tickets.

I have an almanac before me which gives information about the origin of calendars. I learn in it that calendars are as old as the hills—or nearly so; but that the Arabs, the Chinese, the Japanese, and other "barbarous peoples" know nothing about solar almanacs. This is a mistake so far as the Chinese and Japanese are concerned, for their almanacs, which divide the year into three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, putting the four quarters together every leap year, are the ones now in use in all Christian countries. My author goes on to say that March was the first month in the year in the days of Romulus, and that September, as the word implies, was the seventh month, and December the tenth; but how is it that he says nothing about the year having been at that time divided into ten months, March having thirty-six days, May twenty-two, June thirty-six, August eighteen, September sixteen, October thirty-two, and most of

the others thirty-nine? It was Numa Pompilius who altered all this, and divided the year into twelve parts, placing January at the head of the list.

In another almanac I find accounts of the motive power of steam, the discovery of salt by Taumac-Khan, and the way to make black ink. The combustion of a kilogram of coal would suffice to transport a person, "in an instant, from the lake of Geneva to the summit of Mont Blanc;" but whether dead or alive, or in how many pieces, is not stated. Furthermore, eight hundred and thirty-six hectolitres of coal would suffice to raise, "in an instant," the great pyramid of Egypt, "which weighs six thousand three hundred and eighty millions of kilograms." This marvellous book, which is called the "Almanacco Indispensabile," is nothing if not sententious; and it tells the world, with startling point and freshness, that the "names of Augustus, of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Napoleon Buonaparte are immortal."

One of the most popular almanacs of Italy is the "Amico di Casa," the Household Friend—a book of some hundred and ten pages, costing twenty-five centesimi (two-pence halfpenny), and containing sixteen illustrations. This book is one of the champions of Italian Protestantism, and by means of satirical accounts of saints, attached to the letter-press of each month, aims such blows as it can at the institutions of the Church of Rome. Under the head of January we are told that a peasant-girl named Oringa (born at Santa Croce, on the banks of the Arno, in the year 1240), was tempted by the devil in the shape of an old man, and escaped perdition through the instrumentality of a hare, which showed her the way to escape. February introduces the story of St. Faustino and St. Giovita, who were so virtuous that everyone who came near them hated them and ill-used them, condemning them to be burnt alive—the fire refusing to touch them—and to be devoured by lions and tigers—the lions and tigers fawning at their feet like dogs; until, finally, they perished at the hands of the executioner, A.D. 122. The almanac asks how it is that a sword could be found to cut off the heads of saints, whom fire and wild beasts could not, or would not, injure?

All the months except three have satirical memoirs of this kind, the three exceptions being devoted to saints whom the almanac admits, grudgingly enough, to be genuine. These three saints are

Santa Perpetua, Santa Felicita, and San Giacomo Maggiore. But the almanac is specially eloquent under the heads of June and December; and the lives of San Norberto, and San Tommaso of Canterbury (known in England as Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury), are laid bare with cutting severity. San Norberto, after being a libertine at the court of the Emperor Henry, became a pious man, and finally a priest. He liked to perform mass in lonely places; and one day, while singing hymns, a spider fell into the consecrated glass, polluting the wine which he was presently to drink. He drank it and swallowed the spider, which was venomous as well as filthy. But the saint sneezed, and so escaped a violent death, the spider coming out of his nose! This *dénouement* puzzles the almanac, and elicits some dignified remarks about the wickedness and folly of inventing false miracles, when so many miracles of a *bonâ fide* nature are recorded in Christian books.

But the "Amico di Casa" does not confine its attention to religious and anti-religious matters. It talks of natural history, and gives illustrations of birds; it talks of royalty, and gives a portrait of Victor Emmanuel; it talks of art and politics, and gives portraits of Michael Angelo and Prince Bismarck. There are pictures of a shipwreck; of a fat man planting a flower; of a peasant-girl, very pretty, feeding hens; and of a bishop receiving a letter of supplication from an afflicted woman. The whole book is well got up, and the anecdotes, the statistics, the list of reigning sovereigns, and the articles about cookery and farming are worth perusal. It is a pity, perhaps, that so much petty spite is indulged in about local superstitions and abuses, and some of the scriptural quotations, as being out of place, might be struck out with advantage. But the book is no hypocrite; it professes to be a fault-finder. It is an anti-popery almanac with miscellaneous instruction for the million, and, as such, it is a sign of the times.

Not the least popular of the almanacs of Italy is one called "L'Almanacco di Casamia, astrologo e pronostico;" a prophetic almanac in which astrology shines by its absence, and prophecies are, in many instances, read backwards, like a witch's prayer. We are told on the first page that five thousand six hundred and thirty-six years have elapsed since the creation of the world; one thousand four hundred and fifty-three years since the

foundation of Venice; thirty years since the election of Pius the Ninth; and five years since the fall of the temporal power. If these are prophecies, who among us are not prophets? But Casamia goes on to tell us that we shall have a longer year this year than usual, and that February has twenty-nine days. This is a distinct prophecy. So is the following remark about the month of August, if August be this year like other Augusts: "We shall have some remarkably hot weather this month." Highly judicious, too, are the remarks about the winter: "Cold winds may be expected now, and coughs and warm over-coats will prevail." Under the head of July, as an entry for Friday the 21st, we find the following axiom: "Blessed are those who live in exalted places; they will breathe more freely on the mountains than in large cities." Rain is spoken of as likely to fall in August; and in October we are told that hunters "ought to advance bravely to the good work," and present their friends with chaffinches, wrens, and other birds, that they, the birds, may be made into pies. Italians are fond of eating singing birds, and the "brave sportsman" goes home rejoicing when he has quieted for ever the sweet singers of the woods, and vulgarised a lark and the thrush, and, worse still, the robin redbreast, by introducing them into his household, as articles of home consumption. No; let us beg pardon of the birds; he has vulgarised himself. Casamia panders to his own taste by reminding us of the sweetness of thrushes when properly served up in a dish; and for this reason, if for no other, Casamia should be reprimanded. But those who swear by Casamia plead the scarcity of butchers' meat in country places; and what are you to do, says the "brave sportsman," if the bullfinch gives you a song when you want a dinner? Clearly you must shoot it. Birds were made for man, and man was specially created to shoot birds.

I turn from Casamia to "L'Almanacco Imbecile," or Fool's Almanac; and here I find (at page thirty-two) an article about umbrellas. "Man," says the Fool's Almanac, "is a ferocious animal. Put a nightcap in his hand, and he smothers his wife with it: witness Othello. Give him the jaw-bone of an ass, and he kills three hundred Philistines: witness Samson. Present him, finally, with the most prosaic, the most ridiculous of all human implements—an umbrella—and he turns it into a

musket. How so? you ask. By putting a firing apparatus into the handle, and calling it, as per advertisements in the Belgian papers, 'the new Chassepot umbrella for shooting burglars.' The inventor has shot himself."

Further on we find the following: "A priest asked his sacristan one day, why the old gentleman who lived at the corner of the street had not attended mass during the past fortnight. The sacristan looked mysterious. 'What! is it socialism?' asked the priest, somewhat alarmed. 'Worse than that,' replied the sacristan. 'Worse than socialism? Then it is atheism?' 'Worse than that, reverendo! It is rheumatism.' The priest collapsed."

But the Fool's Almanac does not confine itself to anecdotes; it makes prophecies, and gives a list of saints from day to day and from month to month, marking the Sundays off with a cross, as days on which people may take holidays, and dance, and go to the theatre. It will be said that Italy is a very wicked country. But mass cannot be celebrated after twelve o'clock, and vespers are over at six, all the churches being closed at sunset. Almanacs, like straws in the wind, show the current of popular feeling, and popular feeling says, "Theatres on Sunday evening, and dancing and masquerading during the Sundays of the Carnival." The Fool's Almanac rejoices in the fact that the Carnival of 1876 is one of the longest on record, beginning on St. Stephen's-day (Anglice, Boxing-day), and ending on the 29th February.

A very attractive almanac is the one published in Venice with the title of the current year, "Il 1876; lunário per Tutti." This book is poetical, historical, statistical, and comical, and costs ten centesimi. For a penny you have verses for every month in the year, accounts of the pigeons of St. Mark, famous Italian battles, &c., and anecdotes of the Joe Miller species, some of which are warranted to be quite new. The verses are prophetic, like the one introducing April: "The sweet zephyrs of spring will begin now to be felt; the prudent man waits before he puts on his light clothes." And the ones for June and July: "Summer will give us a fiery heat, and if the rain does not fall in bucketsful, you may expect a boiling heat, as in the infernal regions. The appeased heavens will send down rain, but I perceive that the new moon disturbs the hopes we had of copious banquets."

The statistics are simply wonderful. We are told that the world contains fourteen hundred and ninety-one millions of human beings, and thirty over. Who are these thirty over, and where do they live? Europe, says the almanac, contains exactly three hundred and a half millions of inhabitants; so we may conclude that the thirty over do not live in Europe. The cost of governing Italy is counted with apparent precision, but without much accuracy, for we find (at page sixty-two) that no allowance is made for debts and shortcomings in the budget. Italy, says the almanac, costs three millions six hundred thousand francs a day, for three millions six hundred thousand are paid daily in taxes—which makes exactly one hundred and fifty thousand francs a minute. Here is an anecdote: "An old lady died at the age of one hundred and five, leaving an immense fortune. One clause of her will ran as follows: 'I leave to my physician, through whose care I have lived so long and so happily, all the contents of a large trunk which will be found in my dressing-room. The key of the trunk is concealed in the mattress of my bed.' The box was opened, and was found to contain, untouched, all the drugs and potions which the physician had prescribed for the deceased." Here is another anecdote: "An astronomer had a clever man-servant, who, after dusting scientific books for years, imbibed notions of astronomy, and wished to become eminent. 'I have no difficulty,' said he, 'in understanding how you weigh the sun and moon, and calculate the arrival of comets, but the planets puzzle me.' 'Why so?' inquired the sage. 'Because, the moment you look at them with a telescope you find out their names. Are the names printed on the stars? Or do you find them out by electricity?'" Here is an advertisement: "Undertakers' work promptly and securely done. Coffins warranted not to open by inner pressure. Testimonials from customers as to length and comfort." The *Lunario* winds up with a list of the standing-armies of Europe, showing how Germany and France have an equal number of soldiers—namely, one million seven hundred thousand men; Italy seven hundred and sixty thousand; and England five hundred and thirty-five thousand. The smallest army is that of Greece, which consists of fifty-one thousand men, Denmark having fifty-four thousand, and Portugal seventy-three thousand.

Nearly all the almanacs of Italy devote themselves to instruction in some shape or another, instructing in folly and vanity, if they cannot instruct in wisdom. Many of them are consequently in high favour with ladies, especially the almanacs of the toilette-table and the ball-room, in which pretty girls are taught how to flirt, and ugly ones how to become beautiful. And here is the way to flirt, if you wish to be married. Being a pretty girl, you are sure of a score or two of admirers. Hook the one you like best—or the one you like least, if he is richest—and make a slave of him. Pet him, flatter him; fawn upon him if he is conceited; rave about pictures and statues if he likes art; talk treason if he is a republican, and quote sentences in favour of tyranny and blue blood if he is a royalist. Nothing will please him so much as this pandering to his tastes; and if you can manage to wear the colours he likes, even to the tint of your boots, showing as much as you can of them by way of provocation, you advance your interests. But do not forget the true colour of love—the maiden blush. No colour you can buy in the shop can equal that; and she who, in the certainty of triumph, omits blushing, is as foolish as the girl who cannot laugh, as sad as the girl who cannot weep, as false as the girl who cannot equivocate. Tears, laughter, blushes, and equivocations are the artillery of love. But do not forget the buffer, the make-believe. A time comes when, to secure the man you want, you must pretend to be fascinated by someone else. Do so, but very carefully; and when—poor sensitive soul—you have, dove-like, trembled at the sight of the bird of prey, fly to the nest you have chosen in the arms of the man you love, or don't love, and consummate the union on which you have set your heart.

The way to become beautiful in Italy does not greatly differ from the systems adopted in England and France, and other parts of Europe. It consists in rouging, larding, and pomading yourself till you are beneath contempt, but not beneath the prospect of being poisoned by powders and hair-dyes, the death you meet being more or less of your own choosing. Do you wish to die of some fulminating brain-disease? Put vile concoctions in your hair, and turn it from black to yellow, and from grey to brown, showing how much wiser you are than nature who meant you to be fair or dark, as the case may be, and meant

you to grow old. Buy your hair at the barber's, who had it from a grave or a mad-house; and your extra six inches of height at the bootmaker's—six inches of deformity, for which you will physically suffer—and then blush for it. But buy your blushes where you buy your poisons, and poison yourself and the circle in which you move, by appearing to be what you are not—a painted doll without a doll's merits; a thing that squeaks and jabbars and opens and shuts its eyes, without waiting for its strings to be pulled; a painted woman, the bane and the scandal of our modern civilisation. Yes, reader, this is the way to become beautiful according to the teaching of the almanac, but I have put my own interpretation upon it, and I trust that what I have said—surely in no bad spirit—will reach the eyes of those who want the almanac but have not yet purchased it. May it never fall into their hands!

And now, by way of conclusion, a few extracts from smaller and healthier almanacs, books intended for the masses and not for fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Here is a keen bit of satire, though, it must be said, it is of venerable antiquity. "Some Swiss and Austrian soldiers were at dinner after a truce in olden times. The Austrians maintained that their system of military government was the best; the Swiss contested the point, and both parties waxed angry. Finally, an Austrian declared contemptuously that the Swiss fought for money, whereas they, the Austrians, fought for honour. 'True!' said a Swiss politely, with his hand on his sword; 'we both fight for what we have not got.'" Here is a slap at journalists: "A sub-editor and a reporter were quarrelling one day in the editor's room. 'You are a donkey,' said the sub-editor. 'You are another,' replied the reporter promptly. 'Pooh! pooh!' retorted the sub-editor, 'you are the greatest donkey I know!' 'Gentlemen! gentlemen!' said the editor, looking up from his desk, 'you forget, I think, that I am present!' The sub-editor apologised." Here is a story for the New Year: "A fop, gorgeously dressed, called on a fashionable lady to pay his respects on New Year's-day. 'I trust,' said the fop, taking leave after a protracted visit, 'I trust, madame, that you will allow me to call again?' 'Oh yes!' said the lady, 'certainly—on New-Year's day.'" And here is a story of two brothers: "The mother

of two sons, twins, met one of the brothers in a field one morning. 'Which of you two boys am I speaking to?' asked the mother; 'is it you or your brother?' Why do you ask?' inquired the lad prudently. 'Because if it is your brother I will box his ears.' 'It is not my brother, it is I.' 'Then your brother is wearing your coat, for your's had a hole in it.' 'No, mother, I am wearing my own coat.' 'Good heavens!' shrieked the mother, looking at him intently, 'you are your brother after all!'"

The last anecdote with which we have now to do, for much more might be said about Italian almanacs, if space permitted, is one connected with the subject under discussion. It is called the "Wife and the Almanac," and has recently made the tour of the Italian papers:

"The wife of a scientific man, weary of being neglected, and pining for the honeymoon of earlier days, reproved her husband for his industry. 'You do not love me,' said the wife, 'you are always looking at maps and books. Oh, why was I ever married? I wish at least I were an almanac, or something of that kind!' 'I wish you were, my dear!' said the husband, 'I might have a new one every year!'"

ROYAL RACERS.

THE appearance of "Purple body with gold braid, scarlet sleeves, and black velvet cap with gold fringe," in the Racing Calendar as the colours of H.R.H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Cornwall, &c. &c., is an event which awakes many reminiscences, and suggests many reflections, pleasant and unpleasant, wise and otherwise. The colours are brave enough, and the natural tendency of the horse-loving Briton is to cry "Hurrah!" and wish them often "first past the post." Persons of decidedly sporting proclivities will see in the adhesion of the Prince of Wales a proof that "blood will tell," and that, like his predecessors of the House of Hanover, and for that matter of the House of Stuart also, our future king is above all things an English gentleman to the backbone, and sympathises heartily with the amusements of his class. All this is well enough and pleasant in its way, but unfortunately blood will tell, in more ways than one, and the most fervent aspiration of Englishmen

will be that the turf days of the Prince of Wales may resemble in no possible way those of the royal racers who have preceded him.

Horse-racing, saith the popular clap-trap, is "the sport of kings." To begin with, this is not true—a trifling drawback, I admit, in proverbs or other colloquial stupidities; but as one bishop once said of another bishop's observation in the House of Lords, "it is not only untrue, but the very reverse of the truth." Horse-racing kings and princes have been very rare phenomena, and have left behind them an odour which is hardly that of sanctity. The fact is, that racing without stakes would be a very poor affair to any but the purely stable mind, and that, betting once introduced, the whole catalogue of meannesses, miseries, and mortifications which afflict the gambler, descends upon the wretched racer. But it occurs to me that before proceeding further in this moralising vein, I should do well to quote the words of one competent to speak of racing and other gambling from experience. "Every school-boy" knows the story of the servant, who, on restoring to his master a "fourpenny-bit" he had found in the coalscuttle, was told didactically and pompously, "Very good conduct, James; very honest, my man. Recollect always that honesty is the best policy." "Yes, sir," answered the man; "you say so, but I know it. I've tried both." The virtuous servant was a returned convict. There is nothing like experience, wherefore I will ask that hardened sinner who was Clerk of the Council to King Florizel, and racing manager to his brother—who never said "God bless the Regent and the Duke of York" in his life, but put down his private opinion of them in his own secret memorandum-book—to step into the box and give his opinion of the folly of those persons, who, having got everything in the world that other people wear out their lives in acquiring—power, wealth, and honour—yet imperil, and frequently lose, all three, in deference to some diabolical impulse.

"Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts, and renders us unfit for everything else in life. It is hurtful to the mind, and destroys the better feelings; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort; it makes us thoughtful and nervous; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How anyone

can play who is not in want of money, I cannot comprehend; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures. Some, indeed, may have become attached to gaming from habit, and may not wish to throw off the habit from the difficulty of finding fresh employment for the mind at an advanced period of life. Some may be unfitted by nature or taste for society, and for such gaming may have a powerful attraction. The mind is excited; at the gaming-table all men are equal; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability avail here; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockeys, statesmen, and idlers are thrown together in levelling confusion; the only pre-eminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper. But why does a man play who is blessed with fortune, endowed with understanding, and adorned with accomplishments which might ensure his success in any pursuit which taste or fancy might incite him to follow? It is contrary to reason, but we see such instances every day. The passion for play is not artificial; it must have existed in certain minds from the beginning; at least, some must have been so constituted that they yield at once to the attraction, and enter with avidity into a pursuit in which other men can never take the least interest."

It is hardly necessary to remark that this admirable homily was not penned after the victories of Mango and Alarm, but in 1819, and is explained thus: "I have been at Otlands for the Ascot party. On the course I did nothing. Ever since the Derby ill-fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere."

The atmosphere of royal racing seems to have provoked more reflection than reformation in the case of the gentleman who, when on his travels, vowed a silver horseshoe to the Virgin if his mare should win a certain match, and paid the debt with sporting punctuality, for we find him fourteen years later, just after the Derby of 1833, holding forth in the following strain: "Trouble, excitement, worry! Neither won nor lost. Nothing but the hope of gain would induce me to go through this demoralising drudgery which reduces me to the level of all that is disreputable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Like dram-drinking, having once commenced it I cannot leave it off. Let no man not

obliged to grasp at every chance make a book on the Derby."

Charles Cavendish Greville's moralising was doubtless kept as carefully to himself as his other opinions during his lifetime, for he appears to have pursued not only horse-racing but every other kind of gaming, from whist to macao, and to have fared altogether pretty well—better, by far, than the royal racers among whom he lived and moved, and, in fact, enjoyed a very pleasant time. Those illustrious personages had had but one predecessor on the turf—a right noble exemplar of kingly virtues, and, to use language germane to the matter, "as queer a bred'un as ever trod the turf." "Rowley," whose "mile" has immortalised his name on Newmarket Heath, had but the tiniest cross of the Englishman in him. His unfortunate mother was a Frenchwoman, and a half-bred Italian at that—the daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de Medicis—whence, perhaps, the dark complexion and saturnine visage of the Merry Monarch. On his father's side he inherited one single drop of English blood from Lady Margaret of England, daughter of Henry Tudor and Elizabeth of York—from whom sprang, by her union with that King of Scots who fell on the fatal field of Flodden, James the Fifth of Scotland, who married a princess of the House of Lorraine. From this French alliance came Mary Stuart, queen, first of France, and then of Scotland; then, by her marriage with Darnley, James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England—and grandfather of the first royal racer of whom England can boast. King Charles the Second loved Newmarket and its sports heartily, and was never happier than when leading a jovial existence in the old Palace there—built as a hunting-lodge by his grandfather, who loved the chase as much as he hated tobacco. King Jamie was also a great amateur of cocking, and the cockpit formed one of the main attractions of Newmarket Palace. In the troubled times which followed the reign of that sapient monarch, the Palace underwent sundry alterations, and was put to uses, which, to a less thick-skinned ruler than Rowley, would have rendered it abhorrent as a place of sojourn. The Puritans abolished the cockpit, and actually turned the palace into a prison for the "Man of Sin," who was imprisoned there in the dreary days of 1647. Notwithstanding this painful passage in its history, the Palace, soon after the "glorious Restoration,"

became the abode of royal high jinks. It was swept and garnished, and the new king, volatile Buckingham, godless Rochester, "pretty Mistress Nelly," and the rest of the dicing, swearing, be-ribboned and ruddled crowd kept high festival within its walls. The little town was beautified, and even sanitary precautions were not neglected by the founder of the Royal Society, who caused a common sewer—a wonderful thing in those days—to be built. To the horror of the "crop-eared crew," who slunk away into quiet corners and ate their calves-head, with the bottle of claret poured over its neck, in sulky, yet trembling, triumph on the thirtieth of January, the cockpit was restored with increased splendour, and Mistress Nelly abode in the "Nunnery" hard by the Palace, with which it was said to have a subterranean connection. While at Newmarket the king and his court spent their time somewhat in this wise: Cocking in the morning from ten till dinner-time; racing from three to six, and cocking again in the evening. Odds and ends of time were employed in congenial fashion. There was ombre, a Spanish game at cards, popular just then; and basset, another delightful expedient for getting rid of money. That no minute might be wasted, the gay gallants of the time generally had a dice-box and a cast of dice in their pockets. This was convenient in the extreme, as, in the intervals of racing, a main could be thrown, and, when out hunting, a check was looked on with no disfavour by those who treasured every opportunity of "flirting with the elephant's tooth." Many a main was called as the king's great lumbering coach laboured on its road from Whitehall to Newmarket—a road on one notable occasion shadowed with danger, if the story of the Rye House plot be worthy of more credence than that of the many apocryphal plots of an age of conspirators. When the king exchanged racing for hunting, the same merry train followed him to Winchester. In the quaint old Hampshire town the laughter and racket of Newmarket and Whitehall were sadly out of place and sorely vexed the quaint inhabitants of the Cathedral Close. "Madam Carwell," otherwise Louise de Quéronailles, Duchess of Portsmouth, was a prudent woman as well as an avaricious, and provided herself with a handsome house in Winchester, well stored with that rich plate concerning which many ugly stories were bruited abroad. Nell Gwyn, a more

reckless person, left her lodgings to luck, and occasioned thereby a pretty squabble. The "Harbinger," whose duty it was to provide lodgings in a royal progress, duly arrived at Winchester, and marked the prebendal house of Dr. Ken as the abode of Nell. The stout churchman, however, refused to admit her, and she was forced to seek lodgings elsewhere until the complaisant Dean Meggot built her a room at the end of the deanery. Nell sadly regretted her snug "Nunnery" at Newmarket; but her sorrow was unavailing, for after the fire at the Palace the court went no more to the pretty little town. Time has brought about its revenges, and the stern Puritan has outlasted the gallants with their long love-locks, their "lily hands," "their diamonds and their spades"—and eke the bucks and bloods of the Regency, in their pea-green coats, leathers, and white hats. These are all gone, leaving naught behind save an evil name; but the Puritan is yet to the fore. The site of the old palace of "the ungodly" is principally occupied by an Independent chapel.

Passing over Queen Anne, and other royal personages who may be said to have taken an interest in racing, and patronised it in a mild kind of way, we find the next denizen of the Palace at Newmarket a very big man indeed—a burly gentleman, some six feet in height, and stout out of proportion. Prince of Wales, regent, and full-blown king, this "horsiest" of men was the elder of that pleasant band of brothers, of whom Greville remarks that the Duke of York was the only one who had the feelings of an English gentleman. Not an ill-looking man was George, nor as yet over-bulky, when he went to Newmarket at the age of three-and-twenty, and ran his first horse, *Hermit*, against *Surprise*, in a match, and lost it. This was in 1784, and commenced a turf career, which, after many vicissitudes, closed seven years after in a painful manner. During the intervening period all the training boys at Newmarket knew the portly, well-dressed man, whom they, with true Newmarket impudence, dubbed "Fee-fi-fo-fum"; a nickname rescued from oblivion by Byron, who mentions "*Fum the Fourth*, our royal bird." At the palace the doings of "*Rowley*" were, if possible, outdone by the prince's friends, the Lakes and other "macaronies," who spent their substance recklessly enough, and in whose jovial society the prince's allowance of fifty thou-

sand a year melted away to nothing. Little glimpses of the style of life at the Palace crop up here and there in the oddest way. Lord Albemarle contributes a story told him by Mr. Richard Tattersall, the grandson and successor of the founder of the famous firm, who remembered seeing, when he was a boy of about nine years, a post-chaise driven furiously up to the door of the palace, with William Windham riding leader, while the Prince of Wales, too full of port to be "in riding or even in sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise." In the lucid intervals of sobriety, there was much horse-racing and more dicing. Once the brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, went on a royal progress to the North, when the doings in the way of eating and drinking, gambling, betting, and racing, were of what the French style "*Homeric*" character. So far as can be discovered, very few of the worshipful company were ever sober, but the progress was nevertheless a glorious one, for did not the appropriately named "*Tot*" win the Doncaster Cup, and make such heart as "*Fee-fi-fo-fum*" was endowed withal, swell within his mighty and well-padded bosom. But this royal racing saturnalia—not without a certain flavour of the Dutch kermess clinging to it, with its odour of maraschino punch, and its perpetual rattle of "the bones"—was doomed to come to a sudden and inglorious conclusion. This came about through the "*Escape* affair," which brought the Prince of Wales, or rather his jockey, *Chifney*, into collision with the Jockey Club, who, in spite of the sycophancy of the period, held their own sternly against all the influence that could be brought to bear upon them. *Escape* was an unhappy beast, destined to bring trouble upon everybody connected with him. In his youth he contrived to embed his fetlock in the wood-work of his box; and the exclamation of the groom, "*What an escape!*" as he was rescued from his perilous position, gave a name to the ill-omened racer. He was, as sporting people have it, a "*rabbit*," or an "*in-and-out runner*." Fit one day to "*run for a man's life*"—whatever the precise value of a "*sporting character's*" existence may be—to-day, he was "*as slow as a funeral*" the day after to-morrow. Hence, when everybody expected him to win the Oatlands, his stable companion *Baronet* won instead; and he ultimately convinced the Jockey Club that he had been "*pulled*" by *Chifney*, either on

his own account, or on that of his employer. What the real merits of the case may have been, it is now impossible to discover. Sporting writers insist in maintaining the unspotted honour of owner and rider, but be the truth what it may, the Jockey Club held an opposite opinion, and his royal highness had no option but to retire from the turf.

The prince shook the dust of the Heath from off his feet, and the Rowley Mile knew "Fee-fi-fo-fum" no more. Sickened of Newmarket, hopelessly in debt, and involved in disreputable alliances of all kinds, Florizel yet could not keep off the turf, and commenced a fresh career at Brighton, where his now unwieldy figure formed the centre around which the sporting world revolved. Raikes gives a life-like picture of him in his green jacket and exquisite "nankeens," the admiration and envy of all but that superb introducer of starched cravats whom Byron returned first in the race of European celebrities, whom he placed in the following order: Brummell first, Napoleon second, Byron third. One Mr. Jerry Cloves was the leviathan better round of the days before Gully beat Gregson, and was himself "polished off" by the "Game Chicken;" and looked to that "pale Crichton," Colonel Mellish, as the great backer of horses, whose breath made a favourite. Mellish appears to have been the "viveur pur sang" of the Regency—good at all points, handsome, accomplished, brave, active, and utterly reckless. His fine abilities were once concentrated on the noble task of teaching a pig to run for a wager by making him always feed at a certain trough, and letting him loose at gradually-increasing distances from it. Shortly after achieving this feat, he, having got rid of all his property which was not strictly entailed, retired into private life, married, bred shorthorns, and died either of tranquillity or his previous excesses. Mellish left no successor, and by the time George the Fourth came to wear his crown, he had hardly a friend in the world. For years his life had been passed in selfish seclusion and abandoned to the most scandalous excesses. The fact is not to be denied that the aristocracy of England—a portion of whom had, with disgraceful sycophancy, pretended to believe in the legitimacy of his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert—had at last "cut" him altogether. Many had closed their eyes to the wildness of his youth; but none, except a few toadies,

could endure the deliberate viciousness of his contemptible middle age. A brand-new crown made a difference, of course, and the contest concerning the Queen rallied the staunch Tories to his side—the whole sad and sickening business being conducted more as a party measure than a question in which actual right and wrong were involved. Ascot was a great comfort to the royal sportsman, who would, in spite of his twenty-three stone, ride on to the course every day, the ladies coming in carriages. Established in the royal box in a tightly-buttoned surtout, and adorned with the particular form of hat and wig, to the invention of which he had devoted the whole energy of a mind, unhappily diverted in part from sartorial and tonsorial thoughts by the cares of state, he stood erect and enjoyed the races to his complete satisfaction. In his own way he was a great man. Besides the hat and wig already mentioned, he invented several peculiarly-shaped coats, especially that wonderful surtout of semi-military aspect, in which elderly gentlemen of the last generation but one delighted to button themselves up until their cheeks assumed a purple hue, and their bloodshot old eyes goggled apoplectically at the pretty girls passing by. He invented, moreover, the royal procession up the new mile at Ascot, perhaps one of the most pleasant of royal pageants. He was very anxious to win the Ascot Cup, having almost had time to forget his Derby triumph with Sir Thomas, and on one occasion bought the Colonel—a famous horse, who had run the dead heat with Cadland at Epsom—in order to secure the coveted prize. He was, however, doomed to suffer defeat at the hands of the late Lord Chesterfield—then the dandy of the hour—who won the Cup with Zinganee, the celebrated Gully running second with Mameluke. As the king left the course he was always loudly cheered by the mob, the cheers, however, being now and then tempered by a shout of "Where's the queen?" or "Where's your wife, Georgy?" At the council board itself the horse was ever present to the royal mind. In the words of the critic, who cherished in secret such mighty scorn of him:

"I was standing close to him at the Council, and he put down his head and whispered, 'Which are you for, Cadland or the mare?'—meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam. So I put my head down too, and said, 'The

horse; and then, as we retired, he said to the duke, 'A little bit of Newmarket.'

He had become reconciled to part, at least, of the Jockey Club, for Greville continues:

"Dined yesterday with the king, at St. James's—his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the throne-room, and found him already there, looking very well, and walking about. He soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, 'This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting.' We soon went to dinner, which was in the great supper-room, and very magnificent. He sat in the middle with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table, and recommending all the good things; he made me, after eating a quantity of turtle, eat a dish of crawfish soup; till I thought I should have burst. The Duke of Leeds gave the 'king's health.'" It seems that they got drunk later on, for the king gave the Turf twice, and the Duke of Richmond gave "the king" a second time. This was one of the last of George's junketings. His iron constitution was showing signs of wear and tear at last, and then he nursed himself with childish care. He led an extraordinary life, rising about six in the afternoon. His people came and opened the curtains at six or seven in the morning. He breakfasted in bed, and did "whatever business he could be brought to transact" in bed also. He then read every newspaper quite through, dozed for three or four hours, got up in time for dinner, and returned to bed between ten and eleven. Thus faded out a king who, if he loved anything but himself, certainly loved the turf.

The Duke of York, whose monument at the bottom of Waterloo-place excites the wonder of all foreigners and of some Englishmen, was in appearance a true Guelph, and was "seen to the greatest perfection at the head of a table." He is said to have been the last man who could give the toast of "Cardinal Puff" in perfection. He was every whit as enthusiastic a turfite as his big brother, and won the Derby twice, with Prince Leopold and Moses; but, despite these successes, was always

suffering from the family complaint—impedecuniosity. His seat at Oatlands was the worst-managed establishment in England. There were plenty of servants, and nobody to wait on the numerous guests invited to the Ascot gatherings. There was a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive; there was plenty of whist-playing, and sometimes nothing to eat; there was wine in the cellar, but sometimes not a drop of water in the house, the workmen refusing to put the pipes in order without cash down on the spot. The house was in ruins, and there was frequently a grand strike of tradespeople, who refused to furnish a loaf or a joint until their bills were paid. It was a fit kind of household to form the subject of an opera bouffe. Meantime, the duke cracked his little jokes; played his whist; ran his horses; and finally disappeared from this world, owing his jockey, Goodison, three hundred pounds, which George the Fourth never would, but William the Fourth actually did, pay. The latter prince was hardly a royal racer in the strict acceptation of the term. He found a stud ready made, and on being asked which of his horses should run for the Goodwood Cup, replied, "Start the whole fleet," and ran first, second, and third, with Fleur-de-lis, Zingane, and the Colonel; but he cared little for the sport, and often turned his back on the horses while they were running.

With him died out the royal family of racers—the breeding establishment at Hampton Court being the only racing property of her present majesty. It would be premature to speculate on the possible intention of the Prince of Wales to run horses in his own name and colours, but should that be his decision, most Englishmen will regret that he should have elected to revive the ill-omened "purple and red sleeves," with golden appendages, devised, no doubt, after the severe cogitation the subject merited by his late majesty King George the Fourth.

FISH FARMS.

LORD of the earth, imperious man strove from the very first to assert his dominion over the watery world as well, making river, stream, and sea pay tribute of their finny denizens. The same reasons which turned the hunter into a herdsman must, at a period far beyond the ever-receding dawn of history, have suggested that fish,

like kine and sheep, should be reared and fattened and kept from straying, for the delectation of the palate. That ancient Egypt had fishponds or tanks of considerable extent, fed from the waters of the great river to which the land of the Pharaohs owed everything, we know.

The two mighty Mesopotamian empires had so many mouths to feed, and so many pairs of busy hands at the command of what was at any rate an enlightened despotism, that reservoirs or pools for fish culture are not likely to have been overlooked, whether at Nineveh or at Babylon. But as yet the clay tablet, which shall tell us how the waters of Tigris and Euphrates were led into artificial lakes, whence the scaly spoil could be drawn at will, has not been deciphered. There were fishponds, under Persian rule, in Magnesia, which province was especially assigned to furnish forth the table of the great king, and fishponds in Greece; but these last were in despised Bœotia, the soil and climate of artistic Athens and hardy Sparta being but ill-adapted to such a provision for the future.

To the Roman patrician, whose eclectic appetite impressed into its service all things eatable within the limits of Rome's conquests, fishponds, salt and fresh, were a necessity of life. It was not enough that for him British provincials were scooping up native oysters from what have long been known to us as the Colchester beds; that Africans were spreading fine nets to ensnare the ortolan and beccafico; that Illyrians were pushing the tusked boar from his fastness in the reeds; that Gaul gave him capons, and Corsica pheasants. He must have his preserves of fish as well; the gigantic lampreys swimming slowly round the marble basin in the court, the huge pieces of water laid out by the labour of his slave-gangs, in the Southern Maremma.

Juvenal has left us a description—only too true, it may be—of the anxieties of the poor fisherman who has brought to shore a very large fish of rare flavour, and who trembles lest some prying excise-man or hanger-on of authority should claim the prize as having lately escaped from the imperial vivaria. There is something touching, as well as grotesque, in the poor fellow's breathless eagerness to carry his finny captive to Cæsar's threshold, before the captor is implicated in some charge of constructive petty treason against the angust wearer of the purple, the master whose frown is death.

Wherever the Roman went, along with the remains of his stately aqueducts and carved altars, the tessellated pavements of his villas, and the herring-bone pattern of his matchless brickwork, may be found traces of the fishponds, which were a matter-of-course adjunct to the residence of proconsul or procurator fiscal, gold-ringed knight or buskined patrician. Caius loved to see the fat fish flap their lazy tails in the still waters of the tank in his impluvium, just as he liked to watch the plump "porcelli" disporting themselves in piggyish happiness outside the door of that kitchen, where knife and spit awaited the swinish innocents.

There is much plausibility in the conjecture that the sacred lamprey itself, the weight of which was among Roman amateurs a subject of boastfulness, was no true lamprey, but the greedy, side-spotted, white-fleshed *Silurus glanis* of the Danube and the Theiss, the Hungarian eel, which our own defunct Acclimatisation Society in vain endeavoured to introduce into British broads and meres; a supple-skinned giant that would devour fish, frog, or wild fowl, and for whose private tooth my lord Caius, of the Claudian or Julian gens, was popularly believed to toss an occasional butler or black page into the deep still pool of the outer atrium.

China, which so oddly anticipated many of the inventions of the perfervid Western mind—which had gunpowder, petards, rockets, and torpedoes when we put our trust in arrows; a compass when we groped our way by help of the stars; and a printing-press when there was immunity for the clerkly culprit who could write his name—was by many centuries beforehand with us in the matter of fish preserves. The carp, which, according to a rhyming legend, came into England along with the hop and the turkey, is, in common with its cousins the gold and silver fish, and all the tribe of cypriads, originally from the Flowery Land. Nor has any country ever possessed such vast reservoirs of fish as those which from time immemorial have existed in creeks and backwaters of the Yellow River, or ornamental lakes so large and well stored as those which surround the rural palaces of mandarin and merchant.

The rapid conversion to Christianity of the immense population of the Roman Empire, stretching, as it did, from the Irish Sea to the Persian frontier, and the

numerous and severe fasts enjoined by the Church, rendered fish an indispensable article of diet. The rivers yielded but a precarious and scanty supply, while of sea-fish, save in cities so exceptionally situated as were London and Constantinople, we hear but little. Every convent, therefore, had its stewponds, wherein eels and bream and roach might remain until wanted for the refectory table; and no mansion was without its broad moat or broader mere, swarming with pike.

The pike, indeed, appears to have been the species of fresh-water fish which, at least in Western Europe, was in mediæval times the most appreciated. He was, indeed, and even when at his biggest and best, a bony and flavourless fish, which it required sauces and stuffing to render palatable; but he often grew to considerable dimensions, and figured at feasts as well as on fast days. Salmon was, like skate, brill, and rock-cod along the seaboard, absurdly cheap beside a salmon river, where its abundance was a matter for endless wrangling between thrifty masters and their servants and 'prentices, and practically unattainable elsewhere. There must be scores of fair-sized towns in England, where, eighty years ago, a sole or a turbot would have been as much a rarity as a sturgeon or a porpoise. The temptation to break through the rules which enjoined, for instance, the long Lenten fast, often grew to be almost irresistible in the case of both clergy and laity. It must be remembered that many articles of food which appear to us as commonplace and necessary, were quite beyond the reach of those who lived in the middle ages. They had, in winter, little butter, and no sugar, save on high-holiday occasions. Their bread was of the coarsest, and their meat inferior in quality; while shell-fish, vegetables, and fruit, were scarce and dear. A few red-finned roach from the pond of the monastery, or a lean pike snared in a creek, made but a sorry dinner for the hungry.

The Reformation produced a curious gastronomic reaction in those countries where the religious strife had been hottest. Fish, for a time, seemed to become unpopular. Ponds were filled up or neglected; to be an ichthyophagist was to incur the suspicion of belonging to the losing side in polemics. The chroniclers of old banquets—say those at which Edward the Third sat majestic, the new

Garter round his royal leg, or those at which Richard the Second showed his amber-scented ringlets—dwelt lovingly upon the presence of certain sorts of fish. There was the still so-called royal esturgeon, the heavy turbot, the Jean Doré, with his gilded scales and spread of side fin, and the much-vaunted whale, probably a small cetacean of the "bottle-nosed" variety that had been unlucky enough to come within reach of an English harpoon.

But after the middle of the sixteenth century, we seldom find fish mentioned otherwise than with a sneer. Our hardy Cornish and Devon mariners were busy then, as they are now, in catching pilchards to be cured by the thousand hogsheads for the eating of the Spanish enemy; and the same might be said of Spain's other foes, the tough Dutch boatmen who supplied Castile and Andalusia with salted stock fish. But though mackerel and herrings were hawked about the home counties at certain seasons, and immemorial Billingsgate purveyed for the needs of London, fish fell into ill repute even with the half-fed population of rustic England.

Thrifter races than ours first addressed themselves to solve the problem of adding to the national bill of fare, by the systematic cultivation of what may be not inaptly termed tame fish—of fish that should be no longer, like the hare and partridge, *feræ naturæ*, but as completely under the owner's control as fowls in a henyard, or rabbits in a hutch. In Eastern France, and still more in Thuringia and Saxony, the growing of fish has, for many years before the commencement of really scientific fish culture at Hünningen, been practised on an extended scale.

The great merit of fish is, that the finny tribes feed themselves. The huge salmon that lies amidst lumps of ice on the marble slab of a West-End fishmonger, is worth as much as a calf, yet he has fattened himself without costing a sixpence of outlay to the Scotch duke who took the trouble to send him to market, and whose rent-roll has been nearly doubled by the harvest of the waters. We cannot all be proprietors of salmon rivers, but a series of fishponds is within the reach of all who own or rent a few acres of land through which the merest brooklet trickles.

A word, in the first place, as to the value of the projected crop. Here the statistics of the Halles of Paris prove that the supply of fresh-water fish has, since

the Revolution, greatly declined. The poor Paris of 1789 consumed fifty per cent. more of such fish than the rich Paris of to-day. The average weight of lake and river produce thus consumed is four hundred tons. Its value, pound for pound, is exactly double that of sea fish, and the demand very much exceeds the supply. In London the principal dealers have been consistently of opinion that, were there but an adequate supply, the sale of fresh-water fish, now miserably small, might be decupled.

The chain of fishponds should consist of three, the upper pond being smallest, the middle one half as large again, and the lowest in level of twice the size of the highest pool. If possible, a stream should furnish a graduated supply of water, but otherwise shallow channels should be cut to carry rainwater to the ponds, which are themselves connected by trenches, each with its sluice, to be closed or open at will. The banks should slope gently towards a central deep of not less than five, or more than eight feet. Not a tree or shrub should be permitted to grow within several yards of the brink, as shade is prejudicial both to the spawn and young fry; but broad-leaved aquatic plants are a real blessing to the fish farmer.

The above arrangements are dictated, not by fancy, but by experience, the experience of hard-handed, hard-headed peasant farmers of North Germany, about as unimaginative and practical a race of men as ever solved the great problem how to grow rich by patient industry. It would be unprofitable to establish fishponds in stiff, cold, tenacious clay, which is far better left to its natural destination as a wheatfield. A light friable sand or loam suits fish, which would starve but for the worms and larvæ which abound in porous soil.

Well-chosen water-weeds do their duty, not merely in sheltering, but in nourishing, the scaly shoal beneath their tough stems and spreading leaves; but fully three-fourths of the nutriment necessary for all fish, whether of the salt or the fresh-water varieties, is derived from the destruction of animal life.

The true pond-fish, the Dorking, so to speak, of the aquatic poultry-yard, is unquestionably the gold-scaled carp, of all fresh-water fish the most prolific. Its lazy, stay-at-home habits combine to make it patient of contracted limits; and whereas trout kept in wells and small cisterns are

well known to live for many years without increasing in weight by a single ounce, the accommodating carp has been known to thrive for months in Holland when hung up in a net, frequently moistened, in a cool cellar, and heedfully fed with barley meal and milk before being replaced in a tub filled with water. The carp is of all his species the tamest; will come to be fed at the ringing of a bell; will eat bread from the fingers that offer it gently by the edge of his sedgy pool; and co-operates in our efforts to fatten him in a manner worthy of even the pig.

It is not, however, expedient that the carp should be turned out alone in a pond. We must give him his doctor, and his tax-gatherer; or, in other words, we must send to keep him company the medicinal tench, and, strange to say, the voracious pike. This latter is required to keep within limits what would else be a too-redundant carp-population; and the toll he levies is amply repaid by the better health and quicker growth of the survivors.

The common carp is inferior to the *spiegel carp*, or *carpe à miroir*, which owes its sobriquet of "looking-glass" to the glitter of its burnished scales, and of which any quantity can be obtained from Hamburg. The amount of little store-fish to be sown, so to speak, in a pond three acres in extent, may be reckoned as six hundred carp, sixty tench, and sixty Lilliputian pike, each fish weighing from one to two ounces, so that the whole contingent would scarcely turn the scale at eighty pounds. In three years—for the owner should grant this amount of grace—the average result would be sufficiently remunerative. Seine and scoop and spoon-net would be filled, again and again, with golden-armoured carp, vermilion-tinted tench, and silvery pike; the entire yield being a ton and a quarter of fish, or two thousand eight hundred pounds weight of carp, tench, and pike, in return for the eighty pounds put in. This produce, at the Paris market price, would sell for two hundred and twenty-four English sovereigns—a tolerable interest for the capital invested.

It is well to keep, for breeding, a few of those gigantic old carp whose life is, like that of the raven and the parrot, sometimes prolonged for almost a century. These patriarchs of the pond are by far more prolific than younger fish, although their flesh, which gradually becomes as tough as leather itself, cannot be eaten.

But at five years of age a carp, like four-year-old mountain mutton, is at its best as to flavour and profit, and with every successive year he increases in weight but slowly. Five years, in a well-selected pond, should bring a "mirror" carp to some eleven pounds in weight, but only if food be plentiful, and over-crowding prevented by the ministry of the pike. His value would then be of at least fifteen shillings, but it would be difficult to calculate the pecuniary worth, as curiosities, of two enormous carp, captured, thirty years ago, in a Saxon pond, and which weighed respectively fifty-five and fifty-nine pounds English.

One word as to the reason for preferring a series of ponds. It is, on account of the advantage of stocking them separately, replenishing each pond with store-fish after drawing. And the pieces of water are of unequal extent because some truants of an elder generation always escape from the higher pools to the lower, and the presence of large fish among the younger ones is injurious to the latter, unless ample range—which for the self-supporting fish means abundant nourishment—be provided.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK IV. AUDREY'S NARRATIVE. CHAPTER IV.
NEWS; AND NO NEWS.

"AMONG the things which have changed since I was young, is the external appearance of banks. I have heard much reprobation among elderly shareholders and tranquil-living individuals who inhabit country places, of the splendour and the magnitude, the luxury and the cost of the great London business houses of the present time, and caustic calculations of the amount of dust, which has no connection with gold, thrown into the eyes of the public by the liveried officials, the big swinging glass doors, the marble columns, the decorated walls, the grand staircases, the parade of private rooms, and the general application of prettiness to business which are features of the modern joint-stock financial palaces.

"I am in favour of brightening up the aspect of every place in which men have to pass many laborious hours on every week-day of their lives, especially when their occupation is of a depressing nature, as I humbly conceive the stowing away

and the counting of other people's money, the reckoning up and recording of other people's profits, must be. Without being morbidly cynical, or hard on human nature, I think we may assume that there are grim features in the lives of bankers' clerks, and be glad when they have pleasant places to go through their monotonous grind in.

"Kindersley and Conybeare's was not an unpleasant place, though it was only an unpretending county-town bank, with merely a local reputation to maintain. If you had seen Kindersley and Conybeare's as it was in Griffith's early days there, you would hardly have believed it to be a bank, one of the highest respectability also, and doing a business which many of your fine palaces of finance with their marbles, and gilding, their numerous staff, and their electrical apparatus might envy, though they would affect to despise. The old-fashioned bank enjoyed the confidence of the county, and was regarded as incomparably safer than the rival establishment 'of England' by numbers of substantial farmers, who turned up on market-days, in top-coats which might have emulated the British flag in endurance, to deposit in its keeping the contents of fat leather pocket-books, tied round with many coils of whipcord, or those of stout little canvas bags, like miniature corn sacks. The business transacted by Kindersley and Conybeare enjoyed an enviable tradition of undisturbed solidity, and had ramifications which I do not even now pretend to understand.

"The house was a substantial building of red brick, with white stone edges, parapet, and window-frames. The door, which was of solid mahogany, divided in the middle, and had a grotesque bronze knocker grinning in the centre of each panel. The house spread widely on either side of this highly-respectable portal, and the only business symbol about it was the word 'Bank' painted in letters of sober yellow upon the brown wire blinds, which obscured the lower panes of the windows on the ground-floor. A tall arch of ornate ironwork sprang from the base of the iron railings on either side of the spotless granite steps, and supported a large lamp, which, in the time before gas, had been a public benefit to the street. Kindersley's was in a convenient situation, but the street was a quiet one, and there was not much show of people, in comparison with the business done by the bank, except on market-days. The substantial old house was roomy and

comfortable, and I was not surprised that Mr. Kindersley's partner, Mr. Conybeare, liked to live in it, occupying all the upper portion, in preference to having a cottage of gentility out of the town. Mr. Conybeare was an elderly gentleman, and a 'confirmed bachelor,' people said—some implying that such a state of things was very shocking, others that it was very sensible;—a description to which Madeleine Kindersley would have added that he was also essentially a bear.

"Mr. Conybeare had assented heartily to Mr. Kindersley's wishes with regard to Griffith, and my brother found him a very kind friend. He was not a person likely to win golden opinions from young girls on any grounds, and I do not think I ever knew Madeleine Kindersley to be perfectly unreasonable about anything except her prejudice against Mr. Conybeare. He was over forty, and, of course, seemed dreadfully old to Madeleine and me; but we ought to have recognised that as his misfortune. I said so, once, in an access of candour, but was met by Madeleine with the smart rejoinder that his half-wig and his shoes were his fault at all events. Mr. Conybeare had no relatives that any of us had ever heard of, and he lived a quiet, even lonely life in the handsomely-furnished rooms over the bank offices. There was a general belief, which had been imparted to me by Miss Minnie Kellett, that Mr. Conybeare was the only person who had ever 'managed' the late Mrs. Kindersley, and also that Mr. Kindersley would have done wisely in taking his partner's advice in matters concerning his son; but these considerations did not influence Madeleine and me. When her father was more than usually out of spirits about Clement, we opined that Mr. Conybeare had been making him wretched.

"I know it's wrong to dislike him, Audrey," Madeleine had admitted to me, 'but I cannot help it; he is so even and so measured in his ways—always right and never fussy, and yet so particular. Of course I know he's very clever, and all that, but he is so very hard and methodical, and such an intense old bachelor.'

"Perhaps he had a disappointment in love," I suggested.

"Not he. He does not know anything about love—doesn't believe in it, you may be sure. Just look at him, Audrey, the idea is absurd. You couldn't fancy him saying pretty things and giving up his own way, now, could you?"

"I certainly could not," I replied; 'but I don't know that a man need say pretty things, and give up his own way when he is in love.'

"Oh, don't you? I do," said Madeleine, with pettish emphasis. 'I think nothing of love unless it is very poetical; and I could not believe in it unless a man would sacrifice his prejudices, and his self-love, and his notions of self-importance, and independence——' Madeleine stopped abruptly, laughed, and said: 'What nonsense I am talking! Neither you nor I know anything about it, thank goodness! There's plenty of time for us to enjoy our lives before that comes.'

"People are generally supposed to enjoy their lives more after it comes, are they not? And I would rather a man had not prejudices, and self-love, and all that, than that he had to get over them for me.'

"Would you? Well, perhaps so. Mr. Conybeare will never get over anything for anybody, that's certain.'

"Of course, Griffith liked Mr. Conybeare, who liked him, and had made the unaccustomed work of his post at the bank easy to him from the first by his painstaking teaching; but we were not influenced by this. Griffith had a natural liking for fogies.

"I remembered how Madeleine and I had talked in this way, as I sat working that evening, while my father and Mr. Lester played at chess. If anything were wrong—and I had only a misgiving, not a reason for thinking so—Mr. Conybeare and Griffith had been talking it over, no doubt. I should tell Madeleine, in my next letter, the little incident of the stranger whom I had seen at Mrs. Kellett's. Anything else? What had recalled that trivial conversation? No; I would not tell her, I would not tell anyone that. I wondered why Mr. Lester felt so very sure about Lord Barr and Madeleine. Was it because he was so clear-sighted and quick in observation generally, or had he regarded Madeleine with a peculiar interest which made him especially discerning in her case. There had been a time when this suggestion would have been painful to me for some reason into which I should not have curiously inquired. It was not so now.

"Nothing came, at the time, of the slight incidents which I have set down in this portion of my story. The spring advanced, and everything was as usual at the Dingle House, and at Kindersley and Conybeare's Bank. Mr. Kindersley re-

turned from London, leaving Madeleine to all the pleasures of her first season there. Only one untoward circumstance occurred; it was the postponement of Lord Barr's voyage to the Arctic regions, in consequence of the illness of the friend who was to have accompanied him. This implied the loss of a year in the fulfilment of his darling project, and was, of course, a disappointment. He took it very well, however, Madeleine said, considering how much his heart had been set upon it. My father smiled at the passage in her letter which dwelt on Lord Barr's resignation to circumstances; and, of course, he set it down to her own influence.

"Lady Olive intended to remain in London until late in June—not until the formal end of the season. Neither she nor Madeleine would have liked to lose more of the beauty of the summer in the country. It was very beautiful, though Wrotesley had no claim to be classed among especially picturesque or typical places. The homely, tranquil, sunny, scented loveliness of meadow and hedgerow, of orchard and winding wood-paths, characterised the country around our quiet midland town. We knew it all so well, and loved it so much. Nothing made Madeleine forgetful of her home or indifferent to it. If one half of her letters was filled with accounts of what she was seeing and doing in the great world of London, the other half was filled with questions, reminiscences, and messages to people at home.

"Clement has not been very attentive to me," she wrote, not very long before her return. "I'm afraid he has no liking for respectability, and, as he says, cannot stand the dulness of it, though I should think no house in London is less dull than Lady Olive's. I am sorry, for his own sake, that he does not come oftener; but I am glad, for my own, for he has made himself very disagreeable more than once; and I can see he always produces a bad impression. His manners are so familiar and so contemptuous, and he is altogether so "slang"—I believe that is the only word for what I mean—that I am always uncomfortable and ashamed of him. He does not care for anything like good society—calls it a "nuisance," and "all humbug," and seems to me to be more and more unlike a gentleman. Papa is much more strict with him than he used to be, and I think he is advised to this both by Lady Olive and Mr. Conybeare. Now that I

am away from home, my heart softens even towards that old bear; I think indulgently of his wig, and am almost persuaded that shoes are becoming. He has been intervening, in some way, between papa and Clement. I don't know any particulars, but that Clement has had a direct communication from Mr. Conybeare, which never happened before in any quarrel or scrape, and that it has had a very marked effect upon him. He has been obliged to agree to go home when I go, and to stay quietly at Beech Lawn for some time. Of course, money is at the bottom of it. I suppose papa has had to pay some heavy sums for him; and that he has now really made up his mind that this shall be the last time; that, henceforth, Clement must take the consequences of whatever he does. Anyhow, whatever has been said to him, Clement believes it this time, and I conclude that is because it has been said by Mr. Conybeare.

"I confess it is a great drawback to my pleasure in going home that Clement is to be at Beech Lawn. He will make himself odious to papa, and me, and everybody. I wonder why young men are such selfish and unfeeling creatures; I don't mean all young men—but those who have so much to enjoy, and have life made so easy to them? It is horrid to have to feel that one's only brother is the single drawback in one's life. The garden at the Dingle House must be looking lovely. I suppose Agrippa basks in the porch all day. And Mrs. Frost's chickens?—she could sell them well here; but don't tell her I hinted at such a thing. Do you remember Frosty introducing Lord Barr to the basse-cour? "That's the marchioness with the stuck-up tail, and the duchess is the lame one; but the beauty of the lot is Lady Mary."

"You must be looking for news from Australia soon. Be sure to let me know when it comes."

"It was the first week in June, and my father and Griffith expected that letters from Australia would reach us about that time. They had been somewhat surprised that Mrs. Pemberton had not written sooner to announce her approaching departure, as, my uncle's letter had informed my father that he had already disposed of Mount Kiera Lodge (that was the name of his residence), and therefore she would have had no troublesome business matters to detain her. The expected letters arrived; and the packet proved much more voluminous than my father was

prepared for. Again, it seemed mystery was to attend the correspondence from the antipodes. The thick packet was opened by my father at the breakfast-table, and its contents proved to consist of three separate portions; each enclosed in a wrapper, and marked in succession I., II., III.

"My father opened enclosure No. I. It was a letter written by Mrs. Pemberton, dated from Sydney, and it told my father that she had left Mount Kiera Lodge, and was about to sail from Sydney in a ship called the Albatross; accompanied by her step-daughter, two servants, and—an unexpected bit of intelligence this!—her infant son. Mrs. Pemberton added that she had not had the courage to write in the interval, or until she could tell us she was safe, and the child living and well. She wrote very cheerfully, and expressed pleasure in the hope of seeing us, and receiving from us a welcome to England for her husband's sake.

"This letter my father, having glanced over it, read aloud to Griffith and myself.

"We may look for the Albatross in three or four weeks," said Griffith. "She will arrive at Plymouth, I suppose?"

"How delighted Mrs. Pemberton and Ida must be with the baby," was my first comment.

"My father did not make any observation in reply to either of us; he was opening enclosure No. II., which was bulkier than the first, but not so bulky as No. III.

"I had taken up No. I., which my father had laid down on the table, and was looking at the handwriting, but I saw that the packet which he had just opened contained several sheets of paper, and that the first at all events was closely written over. My father read a few lines, and then doubled the sheets, and put them together with No. III., unopened, into the outward cover of all.

"These are merely papers referring to business matters, which Mrs. Pemberton has sent on to me in advance, as a precaution," he remarked, dropping the parcel into the capacious pocket of his dressing-gown.

"I was glad he was not going to wrap himself up in the reading of them just then, for I wanted to talk. This would be a piece of news worth writing to Madeleine. And what a busy and exciting time we should have of it at the end of the month, with all these arrivals. The

Pembertons would reach England just as Lady Olive and Madeleine would be returning to Wrottesley.

"What a difference the baby will make," said I, beginning again with the topic which chiefly interested me.

"Very considerable," said my father, gravely, "and a very desirable one, I should say. Of course your cousin's fortune will be much smaller, which I consider a great advantage, and her position with her step-mother will be pleasanter and more secure."

"I have very dim notions about those long voyages," said Griffith, "but I suppose there's information about them in the Treasury." By this name we called a special little shelf in my father's room where he kept guide books, postal guides, a gazetteer, and other useful but uninteresting literature. "Anyhow, Mr. Conybeare is sure to know. Shall you go to meet Mrs. Pemberton, sir?"

"Meet her? I! I never thought of such a thing! It seems unnecessary, for so short a journey, after so long a voyage. And yet, I suppose it would be kind too."

"The idea was quite startling to me. My father, who hardly ever went as far as Wrottesley, and could not be induced to dine out of his own house, contemplating a journey. I suppose my countenance expressed my surprise, for my father laughed, and said:

"Audrey does not seem to think I should be of much use. I entirely agree with you, my dear. But I don't see why you might not go in my place, Griffith. I suppose you could get leave for a few days for the purpose."

"I have no doubt of it, sir. I will speak to Mr. Conybeare to-day."

"This was all as it should be. The project I had formed would be most fitly initiated by so proper an attention on Griffith's part; and the first face in which she should see, the first voice in which she should hear, a welcome to her father's native land, would have a special charm for Ida Pemberton. In my eager insistence upon having everything my own way, in my youthful sanguineness, I would have been ready to descry sound sense in the argument by which Miss Austen's immortal Mrs. Norris sought to persuade the solemn baronet of 'Mansfield Park,' that the most effectual prevention of love between two cousins was to bring them up together; whereas, if they should chance to meet, as strangers, the tender

passion would inevitably spring into spontaneous existence.

"I like to linger in my recollections of the past over this little episode. The time was almost ended during which I had the unhesitating confidence of girlhood in the future, the certainty that whatever I very much and very earnestly wanted to happen inevitably must come to pass; the time was near beginning which should teach me that the least-expected event is the likeliest. I walked into the town with Griffith that morning, and we talked with great animation over the prospect of Mrs. Pemberton's arrival. I quite envied Griffith his projected journey to meet the travellers. I had never been twenty miles beyond Wrotesley in my life, and everything outside that distance was the magnificent unknown.

"Griffith was right. Mr. Conybeare knew all about ships from every part of the globe. We might confidently look for the Albatross at the end of June. And he had received very graciously Griffith's request for a short holiday when that time should have arrived. Of course Griffith must meet his relatives on their landing, he said. The poor widow lady would be forlorn indeed, if there should be no one to hold out a hand to her on this side of the world. And Mr. Conybeare himself would do Griffith's work for him. This was very kind on the part of the bear, and I considered myself bound in fairness to communicate it to Madeleine.

"The lively summer weeks went by. All that the country had to boast of beauty was at its brightest and best. Beech Lawn was all in order to receive its young mistress, and the Dingle House had been smartened up, to the extent of the limited resources at the command of myself and Frosty, in honour of the unknown guests who, my father had decided, must come to us in the first instance at all events. Had my uncle been in the case, things would have been very different, but we could manage for Mrs. Pemberton, Ida, and one maid. My father had given me a few emphatic instructions concerning the arrangements to be made for their reception, but he said little in reference to them; and the enclosures in the packet, which had also contained Mrs. Pemberton's letter, must have been of as private and confidential a nature as poor Mr. Pemberton's only communication to his brother-in-law, for

neither Griffith or I ever saw them after they had disappeared into the pocket of my father's dressing-gown, nor did he make any allusion to them.

"Lady Olive and Madeleine Kindersley were to reach Wrotesley three days before the time when the shipping agents advised Griffith that the Albatross might be looked for. Madeleine had had a great deal of going out and gaiety, and I expected to see her looking tired. Her last letter was full of her satisfaction at getting back to Beech Lawn, and candidly avowed that one element in it was a reprieve about Clement. He was going to Switzerland with a 'safe' friend for six weeks, before coming to Beech Lawn.

"'It might be all a dream,' said Madeleine to me, on the day after her return, when she and I were in my room, in the midst of our first talk, 'and I might never have stirred from this chair, at this window. Only that the trees are all in full dress, and the lawn never looked so lovely, and the roses are perfectly delicious, and it was all bare when I went away. But here we are again, exactly as we were then; and yet, how much has happened in that time.'

"I looked at her curiously. With my first glance at her had come an impression that she was changed. She was handsomer, and more self-possessed, though her old characteristic, ineffable sweetness, was still salient. She had the 'cachet' which only intercourse with society gives. The finished young woman of the great and busy and luxurious world—I had never seen one of the category before, but I knew the specimen when I saw it—must have contrasted strangely with the mere country-girl I was then.

"Yes; she was changed, but only to be beautified with new graces; by the refining, not the hardening, contact of the world. The transparent simplicity of her character was undimmed. I looked at her with such hearty admiration that Madeleine laughed.

"'Your big black eyes lump all the compliments of the season into one; and it is the most acceptable of all,' she said. 'Look, Audrey'—and she pointed towards the walk under the wall—'there's more of it. Lady Olive and your father walking together, just as they did before we went away.'

"I looked out, and there they were. In very serious conversation, too, to judge

by my father's frequent shake of his bended head as he walked by her ladyship's side.

"Madeleine and I soon got on the subject of Lord Barr, and she was as unembarrassed as she was eloquent in his praise. Of course, she was sorry that he had been disappointed about his trip to the Arctic regions; but she was very glad otherwise, because he would be a great deal at Wrottesley during the winter, and he was really delightful.

"And he will like it just as well as travelling in all sorts of outlandish places," said Madeleine; 'for, after all, the people he likes best in the world are Lady Olive and Mr. Lester, and, I flatter myself, I come next.'

"I was not much wiser in affairs of the heart than when I had told Mrs. Lipscomb that I had never seen anybody who was in love—not much; but I was a little, just sufficiently, wiser, to feel certain that Mr. Lester had been quite right, and that Miss Minnie Kellett would never have an opportunity of seeing Madeleine in the character of a pretty Countess of Linbarr. We got through a great number of topics before we were called down to luncheon; and on our way Madeleine inspected the rooms which had been got ready for Mrs. Pemberton and my cousin Ida.

"I think Madeleine is prettier than ever," I said to Griffith when he came in. 'And she is just the same, in other respects, as ever. She is so much interested about the Pembertons. We are to dine at Beech Lawn to-morrow. I am so glad you will see her before you go.'

"I have seen her," said Griffith; 'she called at the bank to take Mr. Kindersley home.'

"And don't you think she is prettier than ever?"

"No," said Griffith, 'I do not. Not at all.'

"He was always more or less annoying about Madeleine. Just now he was particularly annoying.

"Griffith started on the journey which was quite an event in our quiet lives. Mr. Lester was much amused by the fuss I made about it, and the extraordinary provision of food and clothing which I pro-

posed to make for my brother's comfort on the way.

"Griffith wrote from Plymouth. He had seen the shipping people, and they had told him that the Albatross was a very fine vessel, and remarkably punctual. They had little doubt of her arrival within a day or two. He could pass the time very agreeably in the interval, for to him all was novelty. Two days elapsed, and he wrote again. The ship had not yet arrived; but the weather was delightful; and he had been to Mount Edgecumbe. Two more days, and still the ship had not arrived. Three days, and Griffith wrote to Mr. Conybeare. There was some uneasiness about the ship, and he was obliged to ask for an extension of leave. It was granted; and then there came a few feverish days, when life seemed to be all watching and waiting; when Madeleine and I roamed about together, but very silent; and Lady Olive came and sat or walked with my father; and when we were all together we said very little of the apprehension that was in the minds of each of us.

"At last we had a few lines from Griffith, saying that he would start for home next day. He acknowledged that the gravest apprehensions concerning the fate of the ship prevailed.

"I cannot stay here any longer," he added, 'as it may be weeks before the truth will be known, if an accident has occurred. I will make the best arrangement I can in case the ship comes in all right, and settle that I am to be sent for the moment there is any news of her.'

"Great consternation fell upon us when this letter came. I never saw my father so much disturbed. Madeleine came to us every day, and Mr. Lester also. From him we learned about the oceans which the Albatross would have to traverse; and when he left us we would conjure up the most harrowing possibilities. So the lovely summer days went by far otherwise than we had dreamed of them. Griffith returned, and we felt a kind of terror when he came back alone, as if he had been seeing ghosts.

"And then—the days grew into weeks; and suspense was unrelieved. No news came to us of the Albatross.

CA

T
assisti
cases
NERV
APPL
A
pampl
J

C

Whe

CHL
CHL
CHL
CHL
CHL

"It
"I
"E
Her M
the O

CAU
CHLOR
sworn to
Solo
CHLOR

F
DE

Mr.

57,

Has ob

Art

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S IMPROVED PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, & BATTERIES

A self-applicable curative, perfectly harmless, and vastly superior to other remedies.

Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHE, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

A few of the daily increasing number of testimonials communicated by grateful patients are reproduced in the pamphlet "Galvanism, Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy," post free on application to

J. L. Pulvermacher's Galvanic Establishment, 194, Regent Street, London, W.

GLENFIELD STARCH

is the only kind used in Her Majesty's Laundry.

If there are any LADIES who have not yet used the GLENFIELD STARCH, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package; and if this is done,

**They will say, like the Queen's Laundress,
IT IS THE FINEST STARCH THEY EVER USED.**

When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH, see that you get it,

AS INFERIOR KINDS ARE OFTEN SUBSTITUTED FOR THE SAKE OF EXTRA PROFIT.

CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.

CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

"It is without doubt the most valuable and certain Anodyne we have."—J. C. Baker, Esq., M.D., Bideford.

"I consider it the most valuable medicine known."—Dr. M'Millan, of New Galloway, Scotland.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1st December, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

SOLE MANUFACTURER: J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON.

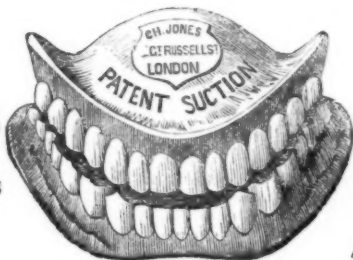
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Mr. G. H. JONES,

57, GREAT RUSSELL STREET,

Has obtained HER MAJESTY'S
for painlessly

Artificial Teeth by



ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Surgeon Dentist,
LONDON,

ROYAL LETTERS PATENT
adapting

Atmospheric Pressure.

Pamphlet gratis and post free, which explains his improved system of adapting Teeth

WITHOUT PAIN.

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

WHAT IS IT?

A Handy Guide to Domestic Medicine. Every Household should possess a Copy.

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All Invalids should read the Chapter on the Functions of Digestion, showing by what process food is converted into blood—How blood sustains the whole system—How nervous power influences all the bodily organs to perform their allotted functions—Principles of life and death unfolded—Dying seldom accompanied with pain—Mental vision amplified prior to the death of the body—Immortality of the intelligent principle.

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

The Nervous, the Dyspeptic, or the Hypochondriac, should read the Chapter on the Origin of all Diseases from depression of nervous or vital power—How explained—Producing or exciting causes of nervous depression—Effects of the mind on the body—Effects of excessive joy—Anger—Grief and suspense—Sudden surprise and fright—Hard study—Hot relaxing fluids—Intemperance in eating and drinking—Spiritous liquors—Loss of blood—Impure air.

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

Read the Chapter on the Destructive Practice of Bleeding, illustrated by the cases of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Madame Malibran, Count Cavour, General "Stonewall" Jackson, and other public characters.

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

All who wish to preserve health, and thus prolong life, should read Dr. Rooke's ANTI-LANCET or HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, which can be had gratis from any Chemist, or post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough. Concerning this book, the late eminent author, Sheridan Knowles, observed:—"It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think."

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

A clergyman, writing to Dr. Rooke, under date July 5th, 1874, speaking of the "ANTI-LANCET," says:—"Of its style and matter I can judge, for I have been an author on other themes for thirty years. None but a master-mind among men could have conceived or written your Introduction. It is the most perfect delineation I ever read of the human frame, and the links between the material fabric and the spiritual union of body and soul."

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET,

or, HANDY GUIDE TO DOMESTIC MEDICINE, can be had gratis of all Chemists, or post free from Dr. Rooke, Scarborough, England.

DR. ROOKE'S ANTI-LANCET.

Ask your Chemist for a copy (gratis) of the last edition, containing 172 pages.

CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR.

OPIATES, NARCOTICS, and SQUILLS are too often invoked to give relief in COUGHS, COLDS, and all PULMONARY DISEASES. Instead of such fallacious remedies, which yield momentary relief at the expense of enfeebling the digestive organs, and thus increasing that debility which lies at the root of the malady, modern science points to CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR as the true remedy.

DR. ROOKE'S TESTIMONIAL.

DR. ROOKE, Scarborough, author of the "Anti-Lancet," says:—

"I have repeatedly observed how very rapidly and
"invariably it subdued Cough, Pain, and Irritation
"of the Chest in cases of Pulmonary Consumption;

"and I can, with the greatest confidence, recom-
"mend it as a most valuable adjunct to an other-
"wise strengthening treatment for this disease."

This medicine, which is free from opium and squills, not only allays the local irritation, but improves digestion and strengthens the constitution. Hence it is used with the most signal success in

ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS,

CONSUMPTION,
COUGHS,

INFLUENZA,
QUINSY,

CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,
And all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by all respectable Chemists, and wholesale by JAMES M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough, England.

* * Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND AIR-VESSELS," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.